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# UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME XLVIII. CHICAGO, FEBRUARY 6, 1902. NUMBER 23

Die when I may, I want it said of me, by those who knew me best, that I always plucked a thistle and planted a flower when I thought a flower would grow.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

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# TO MY UNITY FRIENDS:

The readers of UNITY during the years 1884-6 will remember how the "UNITY FUND" for the building of All Souls Church in Chicago grew from week to week, coming in sums large and small; from east and west, north and south, until nearly every state in the Union was represented. This fund made possible the dedication of All Souls Church in November, 1886, without debt. Whether that generosity has been justified by the work accomplished by, in and through this Church thus built it is for others to judge, but it is for me, on behalf of UNITY to gladly acknowledge that without this Church it would have been impossible to have kept UNITY a-going, for within its walls it has always found its home, and in these last years its exclusive publishing office.

Now this building, so large a portion of which belongs to UNITY by virtue of its co-operation, has become wholly inadequate to house the activities or to represent the ideals that have grown under its fostering care, and a new building is an imperative necessity. The story, plan and purpose of this new building are set forth in the sermon published in another column of this paper. I ask its careful perusal.

I do not come either begging or claiming co-operation from any reader of UNITY, but if any of the old or new friends would like to lend a hand it will be appreciated,not only for the material help but for the spiritual fellowship implied. You will see the plan involves many enterprises, one of which will certainly be the publication interests represented by UNITY, and for which in due time we hope an adequate fund will be provided. But at the present time my desire is to complete the building in the same forehanded, without-debt method that our present building was realized. The new building, like the old, will aim to be more than a local centre. Judging from the past its lines will reach far beyond the city limits.

Any contributions coming through UNITY will be acknowledged from week to week in these columns, and accounted for as the "Unity Fund" on the books of the new venture.

Cordially yours,

JENKIN LLOYD JONES.

Chicago, February 5, 1902.

# UNITY

VOLUME XLVIII. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1902. NUMBER 23

## LIFE AND DEATH.

So he died for his faith. That is fine—
More than most of us do.
But say, can you add to that line
That he lived for it, too?

In his death he bore witness at last
As a martyr to truth.
Did his life do the same in the past
From the days of his youth?

It is easy to die. Men have died
For a wish or a whim—
From bravado or passion or pride.
Was it harder for him?

But to live—every day to live out
All the truth that he dreamt,
While his friends met his conduct with doubt
And the world with contempt.

Was it thus that he plodded ahead,
Never turning aside?
Then we'll talk of the life that he led.
Never mind how he died.

*Ernest Crosby.*

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The telegraph tells us that the Dowager Empress of China has issued an edict against the further binding of women's feet. Now let the empress of American and European fashion issue an edict that will release the more harmful pressure of women's waists, and the world will move on a little faster and life will be nobler.

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Our friend, the *Woman's Journal,* scores a good point on Doctor Lyman Abbott who is disturbed over the fact that the rural districts assume "political dictation over the city of New York." He thinks that New York is big enough and wise enough to govern itself, to determine for itself whether the saloon shall be open on Sunday. To which the *Journal* replies, "Oh, no, Doctor Abbott. You are not willing to allow the citizens of New York to stand for their own rights; you would give the drunkard a vote but deny it to the drunkard's wife. You are for home rule with the home left out."

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The Nineteenth Annual Report of the Massachusetts Indian Association has just reached us. This is a benignant activity, with Miss Alice M. Longfellow as president, she who is an adopted daughter of the Ojibway tribe, an honor conferred upon her in recognition of the father who wrote "Hiawatha." Spite of all pessimism concerning the Indian, this report shows how a few Massachusetts women with five or six thousand dollars a year have proven the power of education, the susceptibility of the Indian to moral improvement away out on the desert fields of Nevada and New Mexico. Not the least valuable work of this association is to defend the Indian from the invading wrongs of the white man.

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In connection with recent utterances in these columns and elsewhere concerning Russia's probable place in the civilization of the future, the following extract from an editorial of Edwin D. Mead in *The New England Magazine* of April, 1899, in relation to the Peace Movement, is worth reprinting:

> For we cannot forget that it is to Russia that we owe the inspiration of the great peace movement which is now sweeping over the world. It is not the only thing that civilization owes to Russia in this time. Deep in the Russian nature, deep within this great people pushing its way up from barbarism and tyranny to freedom and civility, there seems to be a strenuous and superb idealism. In that most nefarious and mischievous of poems, "The Truce with the Bear," Kipling has sought to strengthen in the English world a fundamental distrust of the Russian people. Russia is a treacherous bear, a bear trying to act like a man, but doing it treacherously, for a bear's purposes. We may perhaps at this time fairly ask ourselves the question, which is in the more hopeful condition, a bear that is trying to act like a man or a man that is trying to act like a bear. But we will not press the question. This at any rate is true, that the three men who in this time have done the greatest service for the world's greatest cause are all of them Russians—Tolstoy, Verestchagin and now the Czar, the inaugurator of the Peace Congress.

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Edwin D. Mead in a letter to the *Boston Transcript* of January 29, finds much encouragement in the recent utterances of Doctor Schurman concerning the Philippine problem, urging as he does that "they be granted independency in the near future." Basing his opinion upon recent utterances of General Chaffee and Governor Taft, he says: "The greatest obstacle in my judgment to the establishment in the near future of a Philippine republic has been removed." And Mr. Mead says:

> America now has it in her power to do the noblest thing in history—to rise above what Gladstone called the "original sin of nations," the lust for conquest and territorial aggrandizement, and prove that, however she has strayed, or whether she has strayed or not, she can be true to her foundation principles and redeem her pledges to mankind. That thing America is going to do. That thing, your correspondent truly says, is implicit in President Roosevelt's word. The significance of Dr. Schurman's speech is that it has made the programme explicit, definite and commanding. The fulfillment of the programme will be complex and difficult; but the country trusts Governor Taft and the administrators, and, with the foundation principle firmly laid and clearly proclaimed, it will support President Roosevelt with all the patience which the situation demands.

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A sermon by Rev. R. Heber Newton, of New York, on "The Inter-Relations of the Church and the Stage" lies before us. It was recently delivered in his church to the Actors' Church Alliance of New York. It is a fine appeal for the sanctity of the stage, and an earnest rebuke for the desecration of the same. In the spirit of Doctor Muhlenberg who when asked by a church member whether church members might go to

the theater the sage and saint replied, "I do not say they may go, I say they ought to go to the theater." Doctor Newton strikes a fundamental truth in this strong fashion:

All the worst temptations of the stage today grow out of the root of all evil, the love of money—and that is, essentially the "world" against which we are to "fight manfully." One might sum the diseases of the modern stage as the sillies, the sensationals and the sensualities; and they all root in commercialism. By commercialism I do not mean the rightful and honorable regard for pecuniary recompense, the just concern for success in breadwinning. No one of us can be indifferent to this. Regard for it is entirely legitimate in every vocation. But the true workman in every vocation will be distinguished, as Mr. Ruskin distinguishes him, according as he puts his work first or his pay first; according as he will sacrifice the character of his work to the temptations of success, or as he will rise superior to mercenary considerations in order to do justice to the highest ideals of his work. The essence of commercialism is the appraising of all things by the dollar standard, by their money worth. And this is the evil which is eating like a canker into our modern world—into each of the great educating forces of our age, the press, the pulpit and the stage.

Despite of all that can be said concerning the church in this respect, it remains true that the mass of her ministers are paid starveling wages, wages below those of the ordinary skilled artisan, and that yet, none the less, they do their work faithfully and devoutedly; just as the teachers in our schools, colleges and universities do—putting the work before the pay. And, therefore, the church may call upon the stage to go and do likewise.

If the stage is today afflicted by these diseases of the sillies, the sensationals and the sensualities, it is because the business management recognizes that these things pay. It is the duty of every high-minded, earnest-souled actor and actress, in every way possible, to rebuke this degrading and corrupting influence of commercialism in the profession. Concerning this, nothing more can be added by the pulpit to the noble words lately uttered before the Nineteenth Century Club by one of the most gifted members of the profession, a lady whose name it is superfluous for me to mention here.

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## "A Most Just Judge."

Judge Murray F. Tuley, Chicago's greatest chancellor, passed down a decision last week that will undoubtedly become historic. It was concerning the legal status of John Alexander Dowie, the "General Overseer" of the "Christian Catholic Church of Zion," to the "Zion Lace Industries" in process of establishment at "Zion City," situated some twenty-five miles north of Chicago on the Lake Shore. The testimony in the case brought out the story of this remarkable man who in little more than five years has built up a constituency of fifty or sixty thousand men and women, who implicitly believe true his claim that he is "Elijah the Restorer," who has come as a "second John the Baptist to prepare the way for the second coming of the Lord." They believe that he brings a divine message direct from God which they dare not disobey; that when he prays God listens and that in answer to his petitions penitents are forgiven, the sick are healed and the wicked who oppose his methods are cursed, particularly the members of the Chicago press. His declared message is to convert sinners and build up "Cities of Zion" in every land, "to be inhabited by God's people"; these to be under the immediate direction of a theocratic government. In these cities great industries are to be built under his absolute dictatorship. Judge Tuley in his decision recognized that equity in its pure form is but the practical application of the Sermon on the Mount, and therefore he appreciates the possibilities of civic good entering into such an ideal; that the country needs cities where neither saloons, smoking nor places of immorality are allowed. On the other hand he recognizes the enormous power of such an assumption and that it may be abused as well as used. Dowie has indeed a "business cabinet," but he says he first determines what shall be done and then calls the cabinet together to see if anybody can suggest a better way, and no one has ever been known to criticise his plans or hint at a better way. He violently urged on the stand that he "ruled by love alone," and this claim received pathetic confirmation from the procession of earnest, sincere and above the average intelligent-appearing men who took the witness stand, one after another and in direct, outspoken language showed their absolute faith in and devotion to their leader. The sacredness of confidential relation between attorney and client, priest and penitent, pastor and parishioner, has long been guarded by the courts, and the dominating mind in such relations held to a high accountability because in such relations are brought into play those things that lie at the foundation of human experience, trust, confidence, love, religious hope of reward or fear of punishment. In this case the court found that enormous influence has been used by Dowie in building up thirty-eight Zion enterprises, including bank college, land associations, etc. Many millions of dollars have been invested. All these interests are centered in Dowie as the head of the church and all property and money which has been poured into his hands by his devoted followers stand in his own name, under his sole control, some of these "interests" to be held by his successors "until the second coming of our Lord Jesus Christ." From a legal point of view the judge held that this money has been obtained through an undue influence, made possible by his relation to his parishioners, such parishioners being shorn of all their legal rights and powers; and that the equity which protects the ignorant, the unwary and the blindly confiding, frowns upon such a transaction on the ground of "public policy," the "public good." We shall not try to follow the learned judge through the exposition of the law involved. Experts pronounced it logical and convincing. The most astute portion of the decision is probably that in which he cuts the ground from under any future claim of "martyrdom for religion's sake." The judge admits "the evidence strongly tends to prove that the defendant is a religious enthusiast, a zealot who honestly believes that he has a divine mission," etc., etc., and so he wisely rules that no question of religion is involved in this controversy. His constitutional right to teach any religion that he thinks proper is maintained. He only guards the fairness and validity of a business transaction, and claims that the one-sided contract executed under spiritual, domestic and religious pressure must be held invalid. So a receiver was appointed to take possession of the lace industries, and it remains to be seen what effect this far reaching decision will have on the other "Zion institutions," particularly on the influence of the man that organized them. Dowie cannot be dismissed as an "unmitigated fraud." There must be an element of self-delusion underlying this

mighty power to delude others, and we rejoice in the sagacity and sanity of the judge who has done so much to clear up a situation that would be humorous were it not so pathetic. One sentence alone in Judge Tuley's verdict we regret, not but what it represents an important truth, but because it will lend itself so readily to misuse and become in many hands a justification of the flippant maxim of the exchange that "business is business." One must needs look well into the context before interpreting the judge's dictum that "religion is one thing and business is another." And Dowie's error lies not in his carrying religion into business, but in his failure to carry business into his religion.

## "The Coal Famine."

A legal correspondent takes serious exception to our brief note in the issue of January 16 concerning the threatened "coal famine" and the consequent rise of twenty-five cents per ton in the price of anthracite coal in Chicago. Our correspondent writes with the terseness and skill of an advocate. That portion of the note to which he applies himself with most vigor is the estimate in an "Exchange" quoted by us as to the profit to the dealers that would accrue from the "twenty-five cent" rise. Our correspondent shows by figures taken from *Black Diamond,* the trade journal of the coal business, that this was far too high an estimate, and we gladly record the correction and regret that it was not in our power to verify the estimate of our contemporary. But our main contention goes unchallenged *i. e.,* that a stress of weather which could not materially affect the supply of coal in Chicago, the cost of producing it or of handling it, was taken advantage of by somebody in the trade and made the occasion of advancing the price, which could not seriously affect the forehanded and the wealthy who have long ago learned to contract their coal early in the summer season, so that the advance must chiefly affect the poorer people who could not or did not take advantage of long contracts. Our correspondent urges that the deficiency in coal was caused by the lack of transportation and an inadequate number of cars. Certainly an advance of twenty-five cents on the 188,720 tons which he says represents the receipt of anthracite coal in Chicago during the month of December, could not have stimulated materially either the making or the hauling of freight cars on the great trunk lines that bring the anthracite coal to Chicago. Neither could it have seriously affected the contracts of these dealers which must have been arranged before the "cold spell" came, which did not in any way exceed the normal expectations of any winter. This advance in price, then, must be chiefly to the advantage of the dealers who either had been selling the bulk of their coal too cheap to the forehanded or were now selling it too high to those less favored with money or with brains.

Hence, we must still look at it in the nature of the same "efficient business methods" that would lead a druggist to advance the price of his drugs, previously bought, in the time of a plague, or a physician to increase his rates in the presence of a catastrophe.

We cannot prove, no more can we doubt, that the great coal industries and the allied industries of iron and petroleum are today practically controlled by a very few, popular opinion seems to settle on two or three men. Our friend's letter has led us to take some pains to inquire of those who are in a position to be better informed than we are, and our information would seem to point that there are less than a dozen large producing anthracite coal companies in America today, and that the largest of these have each a railroad operating under separate charter but practically under the same management as the coal company, like the Philadelphia and Reading railroad and the Philadelphia and Reading Coal Company. This coal company seems to be the largest operator of anthracite in America. Some years ago a few of these largest railroads with their respective coal companies, a double headed organism, openly formed themselves into a "Trust of Trusts," but the courts broke up the combination. That they remain in fact, however changed in form, would seem to be witnessed to in many ways. Neither the courts nor the public are now taken into their confidences and we are told that there now exists only a "community of interests" among them. But they seem to be receiving their instructions from some common source.

Tolstoy, in his "Resurrection" shows how difficult it is to fix the responsibility for the suffering of convicts on the way to Siberia. It is equally difficult to fix the responsibility for the men and women who shiver for want of adequate fuel in the zero weather of America.

One informant, intimately acquainted with the coal business, tells us that "as long ago as last March it was known what the price of coal would be this midwinter. Instructions were issued in that month that prices would advance ten cents per ton each month for five months, when they would remain stationary for the remainder of the season. This prophecy has been fulfilled. The December advance was a local affair by the retail dealers who improved the opportunity to make an extra profit. Incidentally it may be said that they are simply middle-men, they make no exorbitant profits, but as a rule raise or lower their prices as this 'Community of Interests' regulates the price to them."

There is another element in this perplexity. We still believe that the scarcity of freight cars, or rather the inability of American factories to build enough freight cars and the incapacity of the American railroads to haul them, is not the only element that determines the quantity of coal available for human uses in the United States. We believe in common with the great majority of intelligent people of America that the output of coal is controlled by some central interest which says to each company each month how many tons it may mine, and that this limit is fixed so that the "scarcity of coal" may fit into "an active market." It is known that often mines are worked only two or three days per week, the remainder of the time the miners taking their vacation without pay, thus making the *per diem* wages reported very deceiving to the public as they must be unsatisfactory to the worker, for no estimate of their earnings carries any significance except when

the wages are multiplied by the number of working days in the year.

The upshot of the whole matter is that the monopolization of coal is a matter of public intelligence, while on account of the intricacies of trade it may be difficult to technically prove the same. We agree with our correspondent that the "combinations of railroad companies and coal companies have come about as combinations have in nearly every branch of business and are the legitimate outcome of competition and the customary way business is done." We go further than our correspondent and believe that these combinations are a step in advance of the cut-throat methods of the old competitions. But it does not follow that on that account there are no ethical elements involved and that such combinations are lifted out of the realm of ethical law or that they are exempt from the judgments of the "clergy" whose "ideas on business matters are supposed to be unreliable."

We believe in business; we believe in prosperity, in wealth; certainly we believe in combination, but we believe there are some things which no combinations can create, upon which no combinations should lay exclusive claim and which should not be administered to the special advantage of the few to the suffering of the many.

"The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof, the world, and they that dwell therein."

## Lincoln.

Lincoln stands out with face of Christ,
And heart of pity all his own;
The child of nature and of want,
To whom our sin and grief were shown.
No painted picture was his life,
But brotherhood with toil and loss;
The grand endeavorer of a soul—
Who hears the hiss and bears the cross.
Teacher of old, thy love indeed,
Right in his heart as river ran,
For here was one who stood for thee,
And showed himself thy new Christ-man;
And how thy arms must have outreached—
To comfort him in tragic end;
And soothed his soul with sweet embrace,
While whisper was—"Behold, thy friend!"

WILLIAM BRUNTON.

Abraham Lincoln said: "I have never united myself to any church because I have found difficulty in giving my assent without mental reservation, to the long complicated statements of Christian doctrine which characterize their Articles of Belief and Confession of Faith. Whenever any church will inscribe over its altar, as its sole qualification for membership, the Savior's condensed statement of the substance of both law and gospel, 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and thy neighbor as thyself,' that church will I join with all my heart and all my soul."

I have never had a policy. I have simply tried to do what seemed best each day, as each day came.

*Abraham Lincoln.*

# THE PULPIT.

## The New Cathedral.

*A Study of the Abraham Lincoln Centre.*

A SERMON DELIVERED BY JENKIN LLOYD JONES AT ALL SOULS CHURCH, CHICAGO, FEBRUARY 2, 1902.

*How lovely are thy tabernacles, O Lord of Hosts!*
*Blessed are they that dwell in thy house.*
*They go from strength to strength.—Psalms* 84:1-7.

The cathedral at its noblest is the best outward symbol of the spiritual nature of man, as it is also the most suggestive measure and prophecy of the corporate life of man. The cathedral is the spired climax of fourteen or more centuries of Christian prayer and aspiration. It inspired, and still holds and represents the supreme achievements of man in nearly all the arts. In the production of the cathedral painting, sculpture, architecture and music climbed like the Gothic arch which inspired them to their highest peaks, their most perfect curves and most graceful proportions. The cathedral sustained in life and honored in death, still largely protects the ashes of the great heroes, the bards, the sages and the saints of Christian history. At the mention of the old cathedrals the names of Raphael, Fra Angelico, Da Vinci and Michael Angelo, Augustine and Savonarola, Dante, Chaucer and Victor Hugo fall from our lips. At the mention of the cathedral Rome, Florence, Venice, Paris, London and a dozen other cities rise before the mind's eye, each of them centering around its cathedral, for St. Peter's, the Duomo, St. Mark's, Notre Dame and Westminster Abbey are the gems to which the cities named are but the inadequate setting in baser metal and less precious stones.

If you ask whence came its power, why this ascendency, the answer is not far to seek. Christianity began at least in a moral protest. Whatever else he was, the Nazarene carpenter was a reformer; whatever else he worked for, his central quest was for a better social order. Interpret the "kingdom" he proclaimed as you please, it was at least centered in ethics and circumferenced by the good. He spoke to a distracted people; he appeared in turbulent times and was caught in the vortex of great commercial, racial and military tides of life. So strenuous were the forces of selfishness, so persistent the clamor of outward things and material power that Christendom in its infancy fled the world. It shrank from the contest and sought sanctity in the retirements of the desert, the grim solitude of caves, the inaccessible recesses of forests and mountains, and there it throve. The deserts became social with Eremites. The hermits became so numerous that they organized, and monasteries grew and nunneries multiplied until monasticism and religion, celibacy and piety, became almost synonymous terms. Then it was that human nature asserted itself, not in defiance to but through and in accordance with organized religion. The world and time began again to doff their sinister garb and don the robes of glory that are the divine habiliments of nature. The pious eye began to see God again in forest, lake, mountain and sea, flowers and clouds. And so the monastery took on spires, the nunnery took the grates out of its windows, elevated its entrances, and the cathedral rose, hospitable to man, woman, and child; it took in the family. Its hospitality widened and it became the representative of community life. Rich and poor, cultured and ignorant, peasant and prince found a common level at the altars of God, the shrine of religion, to appear at which all sadly needed the shriving hand. The community consciousness grew strong by such nurture. Present power dared count on future reinforcements, and so the

cathedral grew from being the representative of one generation to being the hope of many. The fathers laid foundations, the superstructure of which they left to their children and their children's children to rear. One century dared begin what the next century could not complete, and so we find the story of centuries condensed and arranged in the walls of any one of these great cathedrals. There the generations are arranged like beads upon a string.

"Art is long, but time is fleeting,"

said the Greek Hippocrates, but art grew venturesome when it had the centuries to deal with, and so the cathedral grew glorious.

How, then, came that power to be? Whence, then, did the cathedral derive its power? Clearly here: It took back the family into the confidences of religion. It taught man and woman how the human and the divine love could go hand in hand. It reconciled the home to the church, consecrated marriage and recognized in children a heavenly heritage. It recognized, to an extent unrealized by any other building ever reared by the hands of man, the *com-unity,* the common life of those who dwell together, irrespective of race, birth, rank or degrees of saintliness. The cathedral triumphed by virtue of a daring, unparalleled and hitherto untried democracy. It triumphed lastly by virtue of its faith in continuity, the philosophy of history that believed in the continuous life on earth, and so it took counsel of the ages, it built on and with the granite, and the centuries broke at its feet as the waves beat and break at the base of the lighthouse tower.

But in spite of all this, in full view of all this, the cathedral sickened and waned. The cathedrals of history today represent a decadent power. Why?

Again the answer, to my mind, is not far to seek. Splendid as was its courage, it weakened from cowardice. Great as was its inclusiveness, it sickened from narrowness. Splendid as was its fellowship, it waned on account of its inhospitality. Unparalleled as was its democracy, it was debilitated and grew emaciated by its aristocracy. It had a passion for fellowship, but it was afraid of freedom. It took no note of birth lines, but it undertook to survey the thought boundaries of the kingdom of God. and sooner or later fellowship becomes impossible where freedom is denied. Love itself will grow selfish and arrogant where thought is dishonored. The cathedral had a shrine for John the beloved, Peter the denier, even Judas the betrayer when penitent, but because it had none for Thomas the doubter, the investigator, the time came when its power in the world was crippled, for where reason is slighted there is an indignity to God, where investigation, inquiry, research, adventure of mind are distrusted, discouraged or denied there piety becomes conventional, religion formal and progress escapes the mephitic atmosphere.

The story of the decadence of the cathedral as a moral power, a spiritual energizer in civilization, is the sad but inevitable story of dogmatism. It is the story of the struggle of free thought with bigotry, religion making common cause with the wrong side. When Luther nailed his theses on his chapel door at Wittenberg it was a strike for freedom, but he only asked for what freedom he could use. Calvin wanted freedom, but his "Institutes" fixed the boundaries of as much of freedom as he approved of, and Servetus being found outside his stockade, must be burned. Wesley struck for freedom of spirit and Methodism flourished under the conquering banner. But they stretched the corralling rope, and a disciple of Wesley would "stretch upon a barn door the skin" of a brother disciple who in the spirit of the master tried to bring his liberty down to date and make his religious thought conform to that thought without an adjective, which is always the last version of the thoughts of God phrased by man; i. e., the latest discoveries of science, the highest conclusions of philosophy, and the most reasonable expression of the accumulated experience of the race.

With love and appreciation for all the churches, it goes without the saying that organized religion is sick today. Not religion, but the organizations that seek to represent it, instead of being aggressive and triumphant leaders in art, literature, statecraft or science as they were when the cathedral came to its power, are now too often on the defensive, apologetic, more or less successful attachments to life rather than expressions of life.

I know what the statistics tell and I have no desire to challenge the figures that show increasing membership rolls, ever enlarging missionary funds and widening plans, the cumulative figures of charity and charitable institutions, and still in the face of all these unquestioned facts the leadership of the churches is now in question and the minister of religion is regarded by many as more of an appendix than a prophecy in that book of life which represents civic welfare, social well being and public weal.

The only department of education that seems to lag today is that of theological education. The only professional schools that have lessening rolls are the divinity schools. And the theological students that we have are often not recruited out of the ranks of the most vigorous college students, measured by power of mind, ethical enthusiasm or potency of will. Something is the matter.

My purpose is not to argue today, but I venture to make these statements without fear of effectual contradiction, and I venture the opinion that the explanation is not far to seek: The exclusion, the halting of the intellect, the dogmatic and *other-worldly* spirit that brought blight upon the monastic life of the eighth to the tenth centuries, and that produced that outbreak of energy that dotted Europe with cathedrals, have brought Protestantism to the distractions of the present day. The "schism," the sectarian rivalry, the competitive struggle of the denominations have come to be the scandal of Christianity in the nineteenth century, the despair of that religion that finds its fundamental postulates in the decalogue, the beatitudes and the golden rule.

Signs are not wanting that there are pent-up forces about to reveal themselves that will bring about the renaissance of the cathedral-building spirit, not a renaissance of steeple-building, not a revival of Gothic architecture or mediæval liturgies, but a renaissance of that fundamental spirit that built the cathedrals, the spirit of unity as opposed to the spirit of caste, class and race, the spirit of hospitality as opposed to the spirit of exclusion; in a word, the spirit of catholicity as opposed to the spirit of schism and dogmatism. Every label in vogue today in Christendom is more or less a libel upon those who wear them, willingly or otherwise, because they indicate divisions where no divisions exist, differences that are unreal. Creeds that once represented the consecrated intellect of masters, creeds that were mighty weapons in spiritual warfare when loaded with profound convictions, are now hindrances because they are so largely emptied of convictions. They are an embarrassment to those who are within the enclosures and a barrier to those who are without. All science as well as commerce, art and statesmanship point to a coöperation and a combination which religion must eventually sanctify and organize into more magnificent expressions than any of these other forces can. In some new fashion, through fresh instrumentalities and up-to-date methods, religion and morals are yet to find cathedral expression.

I believe it because I believe that religion and morals are fundamental forces in human life. So long as sin-

stained souls stagger under the burden of conscious guilt, so long as life is torn by passion, so long as babes are born into loving homes, and open graves mock the joys that clustered around the cradle, so long as the human heart is vulnerable to pity and so long as men and women love each other, and the human body is susceptible to pain, so long will religion seek for expression and the spirit of man reach out to the spirit of fellow man. Not until the human heart is stolid to poetry, the human eye blind to beauty, not until the intellect ceases its quest for truth and conscience finds its quietus either in universal defeat or in triumphant success, will organized religion cease to be.

What will this new cathedral be like? What is the demand today above all other demands?

Again the answer is easy to discover, however difficult to state. The twentieth century cathedral, like that of the thirteenth century, will be a spirit before it is a building. It will not be a thing of columns and of arches, however necessary these may be and however beautifully they may ultimately be developed. Before that, it will be a spirit of freedom; a freedom to think God's thoughts after him; freedom to investigate and to respect the results of such investigation; freedom for the other man as well as for yourself; freedom enough to go round, all round; a freedom for Trinitarian and Unitarian, Presbyterian and Catholic, Christian, Jew and Pagan. The freedom not of toleration, but of appreciation; not of endurance, but of sympathy.

Out of this freedom comes fellowship, again fellowship that will go all round; fellowship for a man who differs from you, fellowship because he differs from you, a fellowship born out of appreciation of the meanest and the wickedest, a fellowship that rises into the third factor of the coming cathedral,—Service, Usefulness. This fellowship asks of its members not what do you believe, but what are you going to do about it.

This liberty, fellowship and service represents a consecration of all energies and resources, the new catholicity that will make a unit of the community in its moral quest and spiritual needs, the catholicity that will in the twentieth century, as in the tenth century, bring men and women together again where they will together face the common joys and common responsibilities of the community to which they belong, finding that what they hold in common is far more fundamental and extensive than what they hold in difference. The monasticism of the nineteenth century has been social—no, "society" monasticism. Men and women have sadly fallen apart, separated into their different clubs and functions, to the weakening and cheapening of all concerned; children have been remanded to Sunday-schools which their parents seldom or never visit, and the fundamental tenets of which they often confessedly do not endorse; labor and capital have congregated in antagonistic camps, greatly to the hurt of both parties; the good have gone away from home in order to do good; the wealthy have builded many missions of the poor "beyant the tracks"; greasy halls, wheezy hymns sung to rag-time music, ignorant piety and unctuous emotionalism are the instruments by means of which they have undertaken to ameliorate the wickedness over there; while upholstered pews sparsely tenanted, conventional theology exquisitely rendered in steeple houses, architectural anachronisms, cold, dark and neglected a large part of each week, are the religious helps for those who from their own choice or for some other cause are often the spiritually indifferent if not the spiritually neglected, who live on our avenues and our boulevards, those whom George Eliot called with measureless pathos "the perishing upper classes."

I quarrel with no church; I impugn the motives of no one and question the sincerity of no pulpit or pew; I gladly recognize the vast good accomplished by all the churches, and still I but state what the observation of every intelligent man and woman will confirm, that notwithstanding all this confusion of churches, this overlapping of territories, with their tireless activities, great multitudes of people in the city of Chicago, as everywhere in America, are practically unchurched today. After all the sects claim all they can, there still remains, largely untouched by their denominational enthusiasm, the best and the worst of every community, the wisest and the most ignorant, oftentimes the most benevolent, as well as the most depraved.

Is there no need of some new corporate expression of the ethical sense of the community, of the religious life of the twentieth century? Is there not a new cathedral-building spirit to be born out of this travail, this compression, this distraction?

Let me try to outline in a few words, as I see it, this new cathedral that is needed today and right here, that is possible now and here whenever the need is appreciated and its methods and purposes are understood.

I am thinking of a building of modern architecture, gracious though not gorgeous, representing in its lines dignity, hospitality and service, a building with four faces, each honest and clean, no pretense on the boulevard that is shamed by a slovenliness on the alley; the whole building invested with an atmosphere of sweet reasonableness, of home-like domesticity and cordiality, on the exterior of which is carved such names and inscriptions as will show that it stands there to serve the public, that it is allied to science, in league with literature, free but devout from the street level to the crowning cornice that rims the seventh story.

The basement and lower stories of this building will be devoted to helping activities. The offices in this department store that deals in spiritual commodities will be a sympathy shop, an information bureau, a reference board, an exchange of kindly offices where spiritual dynamos are at work making live the lines that radiate far and near with light-giving power; I mean a reading-room always open, a reference and circulating library available to the countless children, the aged, the house-bound and those who by taste or by necessity cannot frequent the great book depots of our city. Here will be a publication industry to produce things that do not pay and still the things that people need. Here should be playrooms, night-school rooms, manual training benches and modeling tables that will become the refuge of the boys and girls who cannot always be kept indoors, however attractive the home; as well as that of the boys and girls for whom such privileges are provided in no other way.

What would represent the next two floors in the building will be occupied by the auditorium; not large but attractive, not sumptuous but artistic, refined and comfortable, with the maximum of light, the best of air; an auditorium that will be an open congress hall for everything that pertains to public weal, to civic advancement, as indeed the old cathedrals were, and on that account all the more a place for prayer, hymn and sermon in proper season. The next floor should be given to class rooms, with working reference libraries attached. There should be rooms, one dedicated to civics, another to the bibles of the world, another to literature, the poets and sages, the master bards. Here if not elsewhere should be a school for domestic science, not to compete with but to supplement other activities. Here home-making and housekeeping should be lifted into a fine art, made honorable by all the skill and devotion possible. The next floor should be devoted to the social life of men, women and children, the mod-

ern family club refined, elevated and economized, so that those sufficiently attuned to enjoy the privileges of a common parlor and to merit the confidences of common companionship would find them available. Here are rooms where the college graduate, the public school teacher, the wage earning woman, the young lawyer, the physician and the business man or woman will find themselves at home in the presence of those who have gone over the road a little ahead of them.

The next floor should be devoted to quarters for resident workers, apartments for the personalities without which the building would be dead and the spaces grow cold and vacant: the court of the Levites of the old temple, the chapter house and cloisters of the old cathedral. Here post-graduate students in sociology will love to tarry while they do laboratory work in the humanities, imbibe the spirit of usefulness and service from those who had found work to do and a way to do it. The upper floor will be given to the physical man, gymnasium for women and children, boys and girls, the aged and the invalid; rooms for dancing and banqueting within the limits and under the direction of conscience and reason, purity and propriety.

This whole building will be alive with personalities, warmed and lighted as needed seven days in the week, fifty-two weeks in the year, and all the waking hours of every day. Such a building may well be taken in charge by a self-perpetuating board of trustees under the state law that provides for such educational institutions. It may well deserve and eventually will receive not only the confidence but the support of the best people in the community, whatever their individual theological beliefs or ecclesiastical relations might be. Its activities will take upon themselves associations, endowments, the support of the living and the blessed benedictions of the dead.

I have drawn no fancy sketch, no rhetorical castle-in-Spain. I have given in outline the result of ten years' study and quest on the part of architects, the officers and minister of this church. Through the toils of seven different architectural elevations we have arrived at this last, which is still another, the best suggestion, subject to change and improvement.

And further, this is no untried dream. I have but outlined the quarters now necessary to house activities already developed through twenty years of work in and around this humble home of a seven-day religion, this open church, this free platform, a place of religion that would still be religious without creed and without sectarian label.

This building was never meant to be anything but a crude study, a pencil sketch in the direction of the new cathedral. As it is now it represents upward of thirty distinct activities, most of them with an autonomy of their own, they came up with their annual exhibit last month with a financial balance, all of them on the right side. Library, reading-room, manual training, clay-modeling, postoffice mission, magazine dispensary that sends good reading from Alabama to Nevada, classes in Browning, Tolstoy, Ruskin, Emerson, studies in comparative religion, Bible and Christian history, these represent something of the activities already fostered here. Onto this platform did the Parliament of Religions overflow, the greatest corporate event in the religious history of the race; the hospitality there prophesied was here actualized under the sanction of a church and in the name of religion. Here has been carried on the publishing interest already indicated as non-profitable, but potent and needed.

This is not an impractical scheme. We have got the work and we have got the workers which demand the house, and when the house goes up it will rest on at least twenty years of local experience that proves that independence can be sympathetic, that rationalism can be devout and that freedom is not necessarily iconoclastic and negative.

And what is more significant still to the commercial mind of Chicago, we have most of the money necessary to build it. This scheme as a scheme was put to its severest test when its promoters said, "Not until one hundred thousand dollars of good subscription are obtained will we make the venture." By the generous self-denial of many and the patient search of a few we are now safely within the last decade of our fiscal century, we have turned the ninety thousand point. Seven or eight thousand more will reach the hundred thousand limit which is the *minimum* condition of success in the building. This is what we *must* have. We need fifty thousand more to adequately furnish and equip these varied departments, and then one hundred thousand dollars as an endowment to keep the wheels a going and keep the rope of financial anxiety from strangling the spiritual forces that are to be set at work. The corner across the way, one hundred by one hundred and fifteen feet, is ours. This corner is an unencumbered asset.

Backed by all this today we confidently ask for that support and coöperation from the solid business men of Chicago, who are proven prosperous, that will make this preliminary study, this prophetic attempt at a new cathedral tangible in this progressive city, this favored section of favored Chicago. That there is in it an element of adventure (I prefer to call it invention and initiative) goes without saying. For what else are we here? In what respect has Chicago claim for uniqueness or for lasting fame save in this? Where did you get your money, your homes, your city, except through this initiative? But that there is nothing erratic or unsound is proven by the experience of at least twenty years' work right here, the present financial asset of about one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and a band of tried workers that have proven that combination is as good for love as for greed, and that an altruistic Trust, dealing in thought, in poetry, in science, in kindness, may prove as successful as an "Egoistic Trust" dealing in steel, coal, or petroleum.

What is in a name? Much. What would we call it? The term "Social Settlement" brought with it a new idea, a fresh method. It has proven to be a term to conjure by. It represents the most vital, living, sensible expression of coöperative altruism in the English speaking world today. And the great good accomplished is but a beginning of the greater triumphs in store for the "Social Settlement." But for our purposes it contains within itself two limiting implications: The first is the implication that one must needs go away from home in order to do good, a patronizing assumption that the favored are better than the less favored, or at least a complacency on the part of the favored who assume that misery and degradation are matters of geography and of financial resource. The second limitation is the abeyance of religious expression, the practical divorce of some of the most permanent forces in human nature represented by the church and Sunday life. Believing as I do that hymn and prayer and sermon as expressions of the devout heart, as an exercise of the spirit, are valuable and permanent elements in coöperative religion, I look for the New Cathedral to be a "Settlement" without going away from home, with the universal elements of the church enshrined at the core of it.

And so we venture to call it a "Centre," a "Centre" that will radiate intelligence, culture, joy, helpfulness, a "Centre" to which will gravitate the lonely, the loving, the intellectually hungry, the morally affluent, the spiritually active. This "Centre" will, I believe, become a generic term. The ideal of many, the realization of an ever increasing number of communities. For the specific term we sought a name that would carry

the connotation of the best the nineteenth century has achieved. We sought a name that belonged to democracy; had conquered the prejudices of aristocracy; a name that at once would be gentle and strong, tender and stalwart; a name that had achieved much for liberty, a name that had suffered much for the right. We wanted a name that would radiate benignity, humility, a Christ-like patience, in short, a saint of the new order, a martyr of the new day, and such a name we believe "Abraham Lincoln" to be. So we dare Christen this "Centre" of helpfulness, this home of kindness, this academy of life "The Abraham Lincoln Centre."

This is a name to conjure by, a name that touches thousands still living with peculiar pathos, among whom I am glad and proud to count myself one, for I was a humble private in that army that sang in the face of loneliness, sickness and death,

"We are coming, Father Abraham,
Three hundred thousand more."

For three years his leadership was the reluctant leadership of a man of peace compelled to do the dire service of a warrior. But the campaigning of the sword and bayonet ended in 1865 with the ending of his patient life. But that was but the brief prelude to the ministry of Abraham Lincoln. He is still a leader in the great army of love, the army upon whose banner is inscribed the angel chorus of

"Peace on earth, good will to men."

In the files of that larger, diviner and more heroic army I have tried to hold my place throughout the campaign, thirty-eight years long now, which began after the surrender of Appomatox.

May I tell you the story of my cane, which lames me when I cease to wear it? It was in October, 1862, soon after the battle of Corinth. I had been in the service but a few weeks, most of the time was spent in the hospital. Emaciated and weakened by camp fever, I reported for duty, for the ranks were sadly thinned at Corinth. The discipline was strenuous. Invalided as I was, I volunteered to take the place of a sick comrade in a battery drill on a rough corn field. The battery was in motion, the command was "Trot!" Then, "Cannoneers, mount!" I sought my place on the rear chest of the caisson, but the legs were too weak to lift the body on the fast moving carriage across the corn rows, and I sunk between the wheels, and one of the wheels, bearing the twenty hundred-weight of ammunition passed over my left ankle, the other crushed my hat and pulled my hair. I was pulled out from under the horses' feet of the next carriage and left for the time being in the care of a motherly old black woman, who brought water from the near spring, and caused another one to drip it from a gourd on the injured joint while, with my head in her lap, she chafed my hands and wiped the clammy sweat from my brow while the "contrabands," as we were beginning to call them, gathered around with eager curiosity. The old mammy, anxious for her patient, exclaimed, "Stand back out o' de air! It am a Linkum soldier that's done gone got run over. Stand back out o' de air!" The excruciating torture was abated by the complimentary title. I was proud then to be "a Linkum soldier." I am prouder now than then to wear his name, and when the wheels of life bear me down for the last time, I ask for no higher compliment, I seek no truer statement of the work I have tried to do than that which the white-headed old negress gave the beardless boy on the hot Corinth cornfield in 1862. Then, if I deserve it, let some one who loves me, say, "Here is a 'Linkum soldier' who has done gone got run over," and I shall be satisfied, for it was Lincoln who said:

"I want it said of me by those who know me best that I always plucked a thistle and planted a flower when I thought a flower would grow."

Here is a saying worthy a place on the walls of the new cathedral which I ask you to help me rear. I ask you business men of Chicago, in the language of John Ruskin: "Is not the manufacture of souls, of a good quality, a business worthy your investments?" I ask you to help me to build up this spiritual industry, upon whose walls we will inscribe the words of good King Alfred: "Power is never good unless he be good who has it;" and again the words of Ruskin: "Life without industry is guilt, industry without art is brutality"; and again, "There is no wealth but life."

My plea was made for me on the Gettysburg battlefield thirty-nine years ago. Lincoln's words reach down across the flying years and out across the toiling distances and plead with us and for us this morning. We, the living, "need to be dedicated to the unfinished work, to the task remaining, that by virtue of our high resolve those dead shall not have died in vain, that this nation under God shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people shall not perish from the earth."

This is the task of religion no less than of statesmanship. It is alike the business of politics and of piety. To help along this work we need, and in a day not far distant may I hope we will dedicate the

ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE.

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## Higher Living.—XXIII.

He is as fair and good within, as he is without.—Plato.

Here's to the man who dares. —Disraeli.

Minute knowledge is pursued at the expense of largeness of mind, and riches at the expense of comfort and freedom. —Santayana.

It is the first of all problems for man to find out what kind of work he is to do in this universe. —Carlyle.

Man's first directed effort accomplishes a sort of dream, while God is the sole worker of realities. —Hawthorne.

Better to stem with heart and hand
The roaring tide of life, than lie,
Unmindful, on its flowery strand,
Of God's occasions drifting by!
Better with naked nerve to bear
The needles of this goading air,
Than in the lap of sensual ease, forego
The Godlike power to do, the Godlike aim to know.
—Whittier.

Playing providence is a game at which one is apt to burn one's fingers. —Huxley.

If the mind which rules the body, ever forgets itself so far as to trample upon its slave, the slave is never generous enough to forgive the injury, but will arise and smite its oppressor. Thus has many a monarch been dethroned. —Longfellow.

When all has been said in favor of developing forms and ways of expression, it yet remains to be said just as emphatically, that in every case the impulse toward expression needs educating none the less; needs to be directed by superior adult wisdom and knowledge; needs to be intellectualized, as well as allowed to remain impulsive and emotional—needs, in fact, to be more or less helped to emerge from its native waywardness and excess, into the purposive expression of a preconceived plan of living. For this it is which really constitutes the difference between the child and the young animal. The latter cannot be very far developed, try as we may; the former can be almost indefinitely developed, especially in the direction of looking ahead, and energizing in such activities as shall

not only prepare for recurring fixed conditions, but likewise for all sorts of variable conditions as well.

Hence along with encouragement of expression there is or should be systematic endeavor to develop a counteracting power, the one which in psychology is called "inhibition," and which, when properly developed, constitutes the real power of self-direction, or, as Matthew Arnold would say, "distinction." Early in life there is nothing of the kind save as may be determined by the outer world. The babe reaches for the flame, and stops only when burned or otherwise checked. He cries and struggles to grasp the moon, but learns that it is beyond reach. He pounds the mother-face, until made to desist. Later the child demands that everything shall be his own, to find, however, that others not only demand, but keep in spite of him. Then he seeks to acquire everything by stealth or barter, to soon realize that in either case he is checked by superior watch-care and skill. Does he indulge himself in anger or other unsocial moods? The clenched fist, or irresistible grasp, or stern command, or sweet admonition irrevocably limits the extent and influence of the outburst.

And so it is, from first to last, with every impulse to expression. There is experienced more or less fully and sensibly the counter-check of environmental conditions, until, either somewhat suddenly or by slower steps, the child becomes conscious of a power within himself to both hold his impulses in check and to direct them to more acceptable ends. This is Inhibition, which is often said to be the essential characteristic of will, as well as the vital element of the moral nature. To illustrate: A five-year-old boy at the end of his breakfast begged a piece of pie. His mother assured him that he had eaten enough and did not need it. But the youngster insisted, and finally secured the gratification of his unpremeditated impulse pieward, to soon find, however, that his appetite was already cloyed. Slyly leaving the table and passing out of doors, he gave his pie to his pet dog, and at once returned. "Where is your pie, Caleb?" asked the mother. "I ate it up," he replied. "Come here," was the command. And then, with eyes all suffused with motherly tenderness, with conscious responsibility, with heart overflowing with love thoroughly divine, the mother held her boy by the hand, looked into his eyes until his very soul was pierced, and then, in a voice attuned to every celestial harmony, very quietly said, "Caleb!" And this was enough. From that moment the boy not only knew there was a right and a wrong, but also that he possessed two kinds of power; one to let himself go, and the other to hold himself in check.

This power to hold himself in check—this inhibitory power—needs renewed attention in the light of modern psychology. In the older scheme, it was taught principally by enforced prohibition—by flogging, by scolding, by dire threats. At the basis of all this there was superstition of almost every kind imaginable, or if not this, then an ignorance or tyranny which certainly is no longer excusable. People severely whipped children, put them in dark places, deprived them of natural pleasures, set them to committing long Bible chapters, and all the rest, in order either that their souls might be saved, exactly in accordance with schemes entrenched in impressions and practices too logical and vital to admit of gainsaying from anyone, or else that the family name might not become bedaubed and bedraggled through the waywardness of its children. Closely analyzed, it was conceived and determined not nearly so much by accurate knowledge of child nature and its real needs, as by adults for adult ends; and, was based upon premises subjectively assumed and deductively reasoned from. Its prime object was to make adults who could control passion and keep from falling into vice. And it must be said, some of the strongest, best and most useful, albeit they were likewise inflexibly narrow, people of history was the result.

The newer idea, however, that which is slowly developing into a plan, is based upon study of the child nature itself, as it passes through its successive stages of evolution. It seeks to know what the child's natural rights in this respect are, and to find the best means for so cultivating these, that from period to period the growth shall be as natural as possible, while at the same time it is being molded into the best form pssible. That this will prove to be the truer, more useful plan seems sufficiently evident already. But while the plan is developing it will not be strange if from time to tiem certain bizarre perversions, if not flat failures, are to be recognized. The household and school pendulum has a tendency to tick one-sidedly. And now the greater sound seems to be on the side, where lack of even useful prohibition is discerned. If the old plan expected too much of prohibitive measures, it does not follow at all that the best laid scheme of expressional education will necessarily result in full development of the power of inhibition which is so requisite at every step of life. Stopping and backing up are as essential in human affairs as in mechanics. A locomotive that could only go ahead and that always went ahead, would soon find the limit of its usefulness. The brain, nervous system, muscles and organs which constitute the child have need to be furnished with power to check and deflect, as well as to go ahead. Impulse that is not inhibited does not lead to will power, but to willfulness instead. And impulse, untamed and not self-directible, is not to be encouraged, to say the least.

Throughout the entire stage of childhood, then, there should be a most persistent effort to cultivate this high characteristic of human distinction—the power of right inhibition. Not, it must be urged, as formerly, by mere brutal prohibition, but rather by proper guidance while the stress of impulsive expression is on. In the midst of an anger fit, for instance ,or of some shocking experience, such as unexpectedly meeting pain or danger, or while the demands of appetite are rampant, or while inclination is toward the wrong object, let the practice be, not the abrupt command of prohibition, which if followed may result in mental confusion and moral obliquity, if not ultimately in hysterics or pathological exhaustion, but rather incite to true inhibition by fixing attention upon something else that can be legitimately done, even at a white heat. Thus two boys get to the mad point; then to words and blows. What shall be done? Command them to stop? Possibly this at first is absolutely needed. But this is not all that is needed by any means. Either flog the impulsive force out of them—an old, poor, heart and head contracting ay; or lecture it out of them, a somewhat higher, yet superficial method that is more likely to salve the lecturer's sense of duty than to do much for the boys; or, set them to work to figure out how they can settle their difficulties in a decent, self-directive, sober sort of way—the right method; one which leads to the development of inhibition every time.

Not by prohibition so frequently or so arbitrarily; not by the substitution of ideational calm for physical commotion; but by judicious working over of the original impulse into another one of better promise and effort,—this is the way to the physical control of the Greek, to the rational control of the Scholastic, to the true ethical control of the Spirit-born, and so to the highest living yet known. Overcome evil with good is, indeed, a long stride in advance of thou shalt not this and that. But overcoming is action; not mere thinking or feeling. And such action leads not to confusion and rebellion, but to purity of purpose, charity of thought, and to the righteousness that if of the Most High.

SMITH BAKER.

# THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

## The Old Testament Bible Stories Told for the Young

—by—
W. L. SHELDON,
*Lecturer of the Ethical Society of St. Louis.*

### XVII.

**The Coming of Israel Into Egypt and the Death of Israel.**

Soon it was made known to Pharaoh the king what had happened, because Joseph was such an important man now in Egypt. And Pharaoh, who was very fond of Joseph, told his brothers to go back into Canaan and bring their father and their families down into Egypt, where they should be well provided for. This is what King Pharaoh said to them: "Now thou art commanded, this do ye: take wagons out of the land of Egypt for your little ones, and for your wives, and bring your father and come, for the good of all the land of Egypt is yours."

Then Joseph provided them with wagons according to the commandment of Pharaoh, and gave them provisions for the way, with raiment and silver and money as they needed. Besides this, he sent his father a great present to show his love for him.

You can be sure that they were only too glad, these brethren, to get back into the land of Canaan and to tell their father how Joseph was alive. They knew how ashamed they would be when they had to make it known to him; but they were sorry for it all now, and years had gone by. What they wanted to do was to go to their father and tell him about Joseph's power in the land, and persuade him to go with all the rest of the family and live down there in Egypt.

You can imagine how glad at heart Israel would be at the tidings. But he had suffered a gread deal and had also learned a great deal from sad experience. What is more, his own sad life had made him suspicious. Therefore, when they told him, saying, "Joseph is yet alive and is a ruler down in Egypt,' the old man's heart fainted and he would not believe it. Then they told him the words that Joseph had said to them; and when Israel saw the wagons which Joseph had sent to carry him and the others down into Egypt, his heart revived and he said: "It is enough! Joseph, my son, is yet alive; I will go and see him before I die."

And so they set out, Israel with his sons and their wives and their little ones, and all they could take with them. Altogether, it is said, there were sixty-six people who went down to Egypt.

In the meantime, what do you suppose Joseph was doing? Do you think he staid at home, waiting till his father should come? No; he was not that kind of a son, although he had been a spoiled child. All that was gone by long ago. At heart he had been true; and since he had come to Egypt he had been a brave and honest man, longing each day and each year once more to see his old father Israel.

And so now, just as soon as he knew they were coming down to Egypt, he got his chariot ready and went out to meet his father. And when they met, he fell on Israel's neck and wept a long while. And Israel said unto Joseph: "Now let me die since I have seen thy face and thou are yet alive." And Joseph said unto his brethren and to his father: "I will go up and and tell Pharaoh and say unto him, My brethren and my father's house are come unto me with their flocks and their herds and all they have." Then Joseph went in and told Pharaoh, saying: "My father and brethren and their flocks and their herds and all they have are come out of the land of Canaan, and behold, they are in the land of Goshen." And Pharaoh the king came to them and they said to him: "To sojourn in the land are we come, for there is no pasture for thy servants' flocks, for the famine is sore in the land of Canaan; now therefore, we pray thee, let thy servants dwell in the land of Goshen." And Pharaoh said unto Joseph these words: "Thy father and thy brethern are come unto thee. In the best of the land make thy father and thy brethren dwell. In the land of Goshen let them dwell."

And Joseph was very anxious that the king, his master, should meet Israel, his father, and talk with him. And so he arranged it and brought in Israel, his father, into the presence of the king. Now Israel was a very old man, and so he placed his hands on the head of Pharaoh and blessed him. And Pharaoh said unto Israel: "How many are the years of thy life?" and Israel said unto Pharaoh: "The days of the years of my pilgrimage are one hundred and thirty years." Then they parted, and Israel went to live with his sons in Goshen.

You can see that Israel had been a very old man, a hundred and thirty years of age, when he came to Egypt; but he was happy with his sons and family, and with his youngest boys, Joseph and Benjamin, restored to him—so happy, indeed, that he lived seventeen years longer, until he was a hundred and forty-seven years old.

Then came the time for him to die. But he did not want that his body should be buried there in Egypt. He remembered his father Isaac, and his mother Rebekah, and his grandfather Abraham, where they were buried. And as he drew near his end he called his son Joseph to him and said: "If I have found grace in thy sight put, I pray thee, thy hand under my thigh, and deal kindly and truly with me; bury me not, I pray thee, in Egypt. But I will lie with my fathers and thou shalt carry me out of Egypt and bury me with my fathers." And Joseph said: "I will do as thou hast said." And Israel continued: "Promise me," and Joseph promised him.

Then Joseph brought his two sons to the bedside of the dying father Israel. And Israel beheld Joseph's sons and said: "Who are these?" and Joseph said unto him: "They are my sons." And Israel said: "Bring them close and I will bless them."

Now the eyes of Israel were dimmed for age so that he could not see. So Joseph brought them near to him and Israel blessed them and embraced them, and, placing his hands on their heads, he gave them his blessing.

When Israel died, Joseph spake unto Pharaoh, saying: "My father made me promise, saying, in the grave which I have prepared for me in the land of Canaan, there shalt thou bury me. Now, therefore, let me go up, I pray thee, and I will come again." And Pharaoh said: "Go up and bury thy father." And Joseph went up into the land of Canaan, and all his brethren with him, and buried his father, and they laid the body of Israel away in the cave in the field of Machpelah, which Abraham bought with the field a long while before as a burial place from Ephron.

Then, when they had all come back again, the brethren began to be a little afraid of what Joseph might do, thinking still of the great wrong they had committed against him in former times. And they came to him asking his forgiveness, and Joseph said: "Fear not; it is true you meant evil against me, but it has turned out well. Now, therefore, fear not; I will provide for you and your little ones." And he spake kindly unto them and forgave them.

To the Teacher: At the end of this lesson there should be a careful review of the whole narrative concerning Jacob or "Israel." It could be shown how often it happens that prosperity does not bring happiness, especially where there is a recollection of some

wrong or mistake in one's past life. The whole narrative could be used as a lesson on the evils of deceit and what a dark shadow it may throw, not only over the one guilty of it, but over many others as well—how it spreads and perpetuates itself in a thousand ways. The haunting doubt with which Jacob met the assurance that Joseph was alive further illustrates the same point, because Jacob's life and conduct had led him to distrust others. Show a picture of Joseph meeting "Israel," or of "Israel" blessing the sons of Joseph.

MEMORY VERSES: *Now let me die since I have seen thy face and thou art yet alive.*

*Thy father and thy brethren are come unto thee; in the best of the land make thy father and thy brethren to dwell.*

## THE STUDY TABLE.

### My Book Table.

From G. P. Putnam's Sons I have another volume in the series "Our European Neighbors." This volume is "Swiss Life in Town and Country," by Alfred C. Story. It is a delightfully readable volume; and is superbly illustrated. The contents are of a character to make it an exceedingly valuable book to a large range of readers. The ordinary Swiss book tells us about mountains and scenery, to a surfeit. This volume contains an admirable chapter on Public Education, another on Philanthropic Work, another on the Culture of the Vine. Other chapters give us a fine description of the Homes, the Women, the Children, and Popular Fetes and Festivals. Workingmen's Societies and Co-operation are discussed carefully, while we get a thoroughly good chapter on Literature and the Press. This whole set of books constitutes a little library of great importance and value for family reading, and for school reference. I hardly know where to find books that I should prefer for a description and illustration of life in France, Germany, Russia, Holland, and Switzerland. Other volumes are in preparation.

Another volume comes to me from J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; "The True Thomas Jefferson," by William Eleroy Curtis. I hardly know what to say about this book. It belongs in that class of gossipy histories, which has been introduced by Professor McMaster. There are some advantages in it; but some very serious defects. It is opening the way to a very slipshod and reckless definition of the word history. I have recently called attention to the shameful treatment of Thomas Jefferson in "Blennerhasset." What shall be made of such history as this? The author, after disproving item after item of specific charges against Jefferson, sums up as follows: "He was probably no more immoral than Franklin, Washington, Hamilton and other men of his time." This is neither honesty nor history. "Probably" is not a word that a historian should often use, especially in discussing so important a matter as the moral standing of a national leader. We do know that Franklin and Hamilton were not moral in their relations to the other sex. Mr. Curtis has not been able to find a jot of testimony that Jefferson ever broke the laws of strict chastity; yet he dares to tumble Jefferson into a sentence which stains his character in the eyes of a casual reader. He brings this astounding charge also, that "One looks in vain through Jefferson's writings for a condemnation of the murder of Alexander Hamilton." Are we therefore to infer that Jefferson was glad that Hamilton was murdered? If we are not to infer that, what does Mr. Curtis mean? In another place we are told that a letter of Jefferson to Washington, concerning Hamilton, "shows the depth of Jefferson's malice and meanness." I have read that letter, and should not be ashamed to be its author, under similar conditions. It is a pity that "The True Thomas Jefferson" could not be freed from these unjust, irrational and outrageous passages. The book is almost a capital piece of work. It will not do, however, to go before the public without an explanation that it is written by one of those most prejudiced people that this world ever held, a rank Hamiltonian. Americans are divided by nature into two classes: Hamiltonians and Jeffersonians. It may be hard for a Jeffersonian to give Hamilton full justice. It is impossible for a Hamiltonian to treat Jefferson with decency and honesty.

It may seem curious that I should place an almanac in the class of literature to be reviewed. "The Free Trade Almanac," published by the American Free Trade League of Boston, has literature enough in it to make it rank well with the almanacs of Poor Richard. It is edited by Henry W. Lamb, president of the American Free Trade League. Some of its best articles come from the pens of our friends William Lloyd Garrison, Prof. Bascomb, of Williams College, and from Richard H. Dana. An extra number of the *American Federationist* should be also obtained and read by UNITY readers. It is entitled "Majority Rule, in Combination with Representative Government in City, State and Nation." It is published at 423 G street, N. W., Washington, D. C. It contains a vast amount of first rate matter, illustrative of some of the problems now before us. The solution of these problems is nearer at hand than we are inclined to think. It will not come, however, by the help of such men as Mark Hanna, but by the growing independence of the thinking people of America. E. P. POWELL.

### Dr. Harper's New Book.*

Dr. Harper's book is still another piece of evidence that the critically destructive period of Biblical study is past and that constructive work is in order. This volume is an outline study of the "work of the priest in Old Testament times as distinguished from that of prophet and sage." Its avowed purpose is "to guide the student to gain for himself an intelligent understanding of the place of the priest and his work in the Old Testament." The method is "inductive and constructive." There are three parts in the volume. Part I. deals with the general scope of the priestly element and includes clear statements upon religion in general; upon the three channels of instruction among the Hebrews,—priest, prophet, and sage; upon sacred places, persons, acts, and times; and upon the history of worship. Part II. expands and treats the history of worship in three chapters dealing with worship in the early, middle, and late Old Testament periods. And Part III. is a "comparative study of the laws and usages of worship" in the same periods.

The volume is not merely a guide, it should prove a stimulus. For the distinguished author, long one of our foremost educators, knows how to suggest as well as to state, to incite as well as to instruct. To this end he gives definite and copious references to such literature as will prompt and enable the earnest student to advance from mere surface perceptions to deep and abiding understanding. And Dr. Harper shows his confidence in the critical views of Scripture (upon which he has built) in nothing so much as by referring with complete impartiality to representations of the traditional as well as of the critical view of the Bible.

The book will be found suitable for use not only for the higher departments of Sunday-schools, but also as

*"Constructive Studies in the Priestly Element in the Old Testament." An Aid to Historical Study for Use in Advanced Bible Classes. By William R. Harper. Revised Edition. Univ. of Chic. Press. 1902. Pp. 151, 8vo. $1.

an introduction to study in Theological schools. But its lucidity, simplicity and definiteness of statement especially fit it for Sunday-school use. It should therefore supply a want which most teachers ought to feel, whether they really do feel it or not. The volume must prove a success. GEO. W. GILMORE.

Meadville Theological School.

## THE HOME.

### Helps to High Living.

SUN.—None worship as the child enthusiast save the enthusiast who worshiped even as a child.

MON.—There is a quietness of which grace is born, the prudence with which wisdom dwells and many an attribute of virtue.

TUES.—The man of science quenches self consciousness in abstraction.

WED.—I would rather worship than be worshiped.

THURS.—They are gladdening souls who mean exactly what they say and expect you to say exactly what you mean.

FRI.—It is best not to tamper with our finest feelings—best to keep silence.

SAT.—All that is sweet we cherish for itself; I could not be jealous of any other sweetness when one sweetness filled up my soul. ELIZABETH SHEPPARD.

### The Bravest Battle.

The bravest battle that ever was fought!
Shall I tell you where and when?
On the maps of the world you will find it not;
'Twas fought by the mothers of men;

Nay, not with cannon, or battle shot,
With sword, or nobler pen;
Nay, not with eloquent word or thought,
From mouths of wonderful men.

But deep in a walled-up woman's heart—
Of woman that would not yield,
But bravely, silently bore her part—
Lo! there is that battlefield.

No marshalling troop, no bivouac song;
No banner to gleam and wave;
But, oh! these battles they last so long—
From babyhood to the grave!

Yet, faithful still as a bridge of stars,
She fights in her walled-up town—
Fights on and on in the endless wars,
Then, silent, unseen—goes down.

O ye with banners and battle shot,
And soldiers to shout and praise,
I'll tell you the kingliest victories fought
Were fought in these silent ways.

O, spotless woman in a world of shame!
With splendid and silent scorn,
Go back to God as white as you came,
The kingliest warrior born!

—*Joaquin Miller.*

### How the Mistletoe Comes to Be.

The story of how the mistletoe gets on the trees is a most interesting one. Covering the mistletoe twigs are pearly white berries. These come in the winter season, when food is comparatively scarce, and hence some of our birds eat them freely. Now, when a robin eats a cherry he swallows simply the meat and flips the stone away. The seed of the mistletoe the bird cannot flip. It is sticky and holds to his bill. His only resource is to wipe it off, and he does so, leaving it sticking to the branches of the tree on which he is sitting at the time. This seed sprouts after a time, and, not finding earth—which, indeed, its ancestral habit has made it cease wanting—it sinks its roots into the bark of the tree and hunts there for the pipes that carry the sap. Now the sap in the bark is the very richest in the tree—far richer than that in the wood—and the mistletoe gets from its host the choicest of food. With a strange foresight it does not throw its leaves away, as do most parasites, but keeps them to use in winter, when the tree is leafless.—*Ladies' Home Journal.*


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## THE FIELD.

*"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."*

### "For No Man Liveth to Himself."

Could I but sin unto myself alone,
And keep my sin forever close confined;
Could I its tortures bear, yet make no moan,
Nor let my weakness touch some other mind.

Between my God and me that sin would stand,
Forever His to judge and mine to bear.
And I the solitary as the brand
Upon my brow my evil deed should wear.

But not for me the guilty is the pain,
Which I deserved and prayed to isolate
Unto myself, and prayed and hoped in vain.
For others, innocent, must *share* my fate.

I *cannot* sin in secret, nor alone.
The very ether carries wave on wave
The poison of each sin which I condone,
To some poor brother whom I cannot save.

So let me never limit nor define
What I in ignorance have called *my* sin.
Naught is exclusive. Search the plan divine,
Only the universal enters in.

—GERTRUDE HARRINGTON.

### Foreign Notes.

RIGHTS VERSUS DUTIES.—Among the many books called out by the close of the nineteenth century was one entitled Great Religions of the World, a composite work whose various chapters are from the pens of T. W. Rhys Davids, Sir A. C. Lyall, Frederick Harrison, Cardinal Gibbons and others. In this volume Rev. Washington Gladden discusses the Outlook for Christianity in a broad and suggestive fashion. The following paragraphs from that utterance seem quite pertinent to the discussion now filling the European press apropos of the work of Calvin and its influence. It is particularly significant as coming from an American protestant of such recognized standing and influence.

Dr. Gladden says: "It may be doubted whether the emphasis which has been placed upon the right of private judgment expresses a sound principle. In no kind of social organization are rights or liberties the primary concern. A family in which it is the first business of every member to assert his own rights, or to magnify his liberty, will not be a united and happy family. In the organic relations of the family, love and duty are fundamental—not rights and liberties.

"We may awake by and by, to the fact that the same thing is true of the state. The attempt to base a commonwealth upon a doctrine of rights will probably result in social disintegration. A community in which it is the first business of every citizen to assert his own rights will not continue to be peaceful and prosperous. The social and political disorders which threaten the life of the nation all spring from the fact that the people have been trained to think more of rights than of duties.

"By misplacing the emphasis in the same way Protestantism has introduced into its life a disintegrating element. Neither the right of private judgment nor any other right can be safely asserted as the foundation of the Christian Church. The foundation of the church is loyalty to Christ and his kingdom; all rights are to be held and interpreted under that obligation. . . . If the principle of differentiation has been overaccentuated during the nineteenth century there is now some

reason to hope that the twentieth century will reinforce the principle of integration; that loyalties will be emphasized as much as liberties, and the duty of co-operation rather more than the right of private judgment."

HERE AND THERE.—In a private letter from Switzerland a correspondent says, apropos of the great pro-Boer meeting in Chicago this winter, the address of Bourke Cockran and the amount raised for the victims of the concentration camps: "We are delighted to see this movement in America in favor of the Boers. May it really accomplish something. It is magnificent to be able to raise $5,000 in a few minutes. Things do not move so rapidly over here."

Perhaps not, but when one finds in *Le Protestant* a column of little four to six line paragraphs from parishes all over France reporting the amounts contributed by the Sunday school children who cheerfully went without Christmas gifts that they might send help to the Boer women and children, that is a not less eloquent expression of popular sympathy, however small comparatively the amounts raised may be. These amounts range from $3 to $129.32 and the sum total from nine localities is $239.28. There are several interesting things to be noted in connection with the gifts here reported. With one exception they come from the little Protestant communities of France. But from one little place whose name would mean nothing on this side of the Atlantic, the word is: "The Christians of Lacrouzette-Salvages (Catholics and Protestants), assembled around their Christmas trees, did not forget their unhappy Boer brothers. The collection taken up amounted to $6, a very modest sum but a considerable one for farmers and working people with no resources but their labor."

Another community, regretting its failure to join in the movement, very aptly characterizes the prison camps as the "cemeteries of concentration." One society raises its contribution in a way which to the best thought among us would seem a singularly pernicious one to receive the sanction of any church. Though I fear even in America societies may still be found which occasionally resort to similar devices, such a statement as this would hardly appear in any of our Protestant papers: "On Sunday afternoon, December 29, occurred the annual lottery drawing organized by the ladies of the National church. On this occasion a *tombola* (a sort of lottery game similar to lotto) was improvised for the victims of the concentration camps."

In connection with this subject of Boer relief, the fact vouched for by the Hon. Frederick W. Holls in his address before the Chicago Historical Society on the Peace Conference of The Hague and after, must be a source of no small satisfaction to Americans. Speaking of the work of the committee on the usages of war at that conference, Mr. Holls said that by the stipulations there drawn up prisoners of war must receive the same treatment as to food and shelter as their captors, while clothing and other necessaries sent to the prisoners must not only be delivered but be transmitted free of cost. I am permitted to say, he added, that it is owing to the exertions of that Grand Old Man of America, Dr. Edward Everett Hale, that these stipulations of the treaty of The Hague have already been made effective for the Boer prisoners in Bermuda. Dr. Hale sent an agent of the Lend-a-Hand Society to Bermuda to investigate the condition of the prisoners there and to call the attention of the British authorities to these articles in The Hague convention. Three days were allowed to elapse between the arrival of the American emissary and his visit to the camps under authorization of the British commander. During these three days, however, over 11,000 garments were distributed in the Boer camp, in contrast to some 1,700 during months preceding. This sudden shower of comforts was so astonishing and bewildering to the Boers that they could only account for it on the supposition that peace was at hand and that they were going home.

M. E. H.

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BIRDS OF GERMANY.

The birds of Germany, like the crows of Ireland, are the pets of the people, both in the city and the country. They are protected by law, but no law is needed for their protection. They are so tame that many of them build their nests inside of the houses and are never disturbed by old or young. Throw down a few crumbs and they will come down from the trees and almost eat out of your hand. The consequence is that fruit-growers never suffer from the invasion of worms, and the plum and damson, which have almost disappeared from our markets, grow here to the greatest perfection. The holidays are not distinguished, as they are with us, by a throng of boys and men with shot-guns pouring into the country and slaying, out of mere wantonness, the feathery tribes, which are regarded here as the most efficient co-laborers to the agriculturist.—*From "Europe," by C. C. Fulton, Editor of Baltimore American.*

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Not solely on the Sabbath days
We render service fair;
For duties done go up like praise,
And kindly thought is prayer.

*Frederick Langbridge.*

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